

Willows Tails

by Tris999

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Summary: Willow is a free spirit who is granted special powers by the Mim, every Halloween she opens the portal and protects the children of earth from the monsters unleashed. Showing them bravery and ultimately how to over come their fears. With the help of her Cat, Trouble, almost nothing scares her. ALMOST. Here's a collection of mini fics about the one and only Willow The Wisp.

1. A Little Willow History

**Authors note:**** I really have fallen in love with the whole ROTG fandom as of recently and I decided I would make up my own OC :) Her name is Willow or Willow the Wisp as known in some cultures. She controls the portal to and from the spirit realm on Halloween and is the protector of children's bravery, making sure they can learn to over come their fears. This is just a little story I wrote up about her and I hope you like it! :P Her personal tumblr is willowspirit halloween **_**if you would like to go and ask her anything. ANYTHING! :D :P ok I'll stop blabbering now, happy reading! :)_**_

"I haven't been doing this for long." I admitted to my cat, whom I promptly named Trouble after all the trouble he had been causing the poor town I found him in. "Three years or so maybe? If that evenâ€|" I picked up the old broomstick and sat down on it cross legged. It hovered me in the air as I continued to explain myself, of course I wasn't sure whyâ€| I think it was cause I was lonely. That's probably it, just a lonely little immortal trying to pass the time until nightfall.

"What year is it now? 1698? Not that it really mattersâ€| I haven't aged a day past 18." Trouble, my new cat just looked at me with big green-yellow eyes, as if he actually understood what I was sayingâ€| magic spirit or not, he was still just a cat. There was a loud BANG that it made me jump, the ghouls were getting antsyâ€| I checked my lockets clock. I still had another hour or so before I could open the

portal, so I continued.

"I fell you see, from a tree, I was trying to get my nephew down and the branch I was on brokeâ€|" I closed my eyes remembering, the high pine tree I had climbed up to get Liam. It was so old, I'm pretty small but I still don't know how I figured it would hold me.

"Everything about that moment is just so wrongâ€| I meanâ€| he was scared of heights! So why in the WORLD would you climb a tree?" Trouble laid on the cold ground, ignoring me, I nudged him with my foot and he grumbled. I looked up at the portal and sighed, the noises on the other side were getting louder, the monsters wanted out.

"I was trying to talk him out of his fear of heights to get him downâ€| that's why the moon said it chose me, there needed to be a new keeper of Halloween spirit and so, lucky me, dies on the day the moon is choosing the new guard. The old Spirit of Halloween must have quite or something... I am to protect children's bravery he says, I have to keep the monsters under control he says. A child's ability to over come fear is crucial, yes, but to make me an immortal who has to protect it? Well thanksâ€| I rolled my eyes sarcastically, I'd realized I wasn't talking out loud anymore. It's not like anyone was listening but I continued "Sometimes I think about what it would have been like to just die when I hit the ground and not wake back up. Sure the magic powers are great, don't get me wrong I love flying but, it gets lonely." I sighed heavily and a puff of vapour blew out of my mouth like smoke. It was October 31st so it was pretty cold, Halloween though, so it's not like I could go inside. Not that I even needed to, cold didn't effect me, much. "I heard there was actually a guy who did that you know." Trouble blinked at me, "Like me kind of, or North or the Easter Bunny. He makes it cold out or something like that." I blew out again, making it look like my dad used to when he'd smoke his pipe on our porch. "I think his name is Jack Frostâ€|" I wondered briefly if he had some kind of story, why the man in the moon chose him to become a spirit. "I don't think he's a guardian thoughâ€| just an immortal with powers. Maybe next time I see one of them I'll ask about him." There was more pounding on the big portal door.

"Willow! Willow the Wisp!" One of the beasts growled.

"Yeah, I'm here. You've got another half hour." I yelled back at him, there was a bit of an uproar.

"We've been waiting all year! Can't you let usssss out a little early?" Another one of them hissed. I stood up on the ground, picking my broom from the air and leaning on it in front of the giant door.

"You know I can't. Not until sun down, and then I will gladly let you out so that you can run around as you please." again a bit of an argument but then they seemed to settle down. I swirled my hands through the cold air, purple smoke seeped from my finger tips and surrounded my broom. Once fully engulfed, in it's place floated a shiny golden coloured sword. I grabbed it's handle and swung it around a bit, chopping a branch from a bush, it fell and hit the ground as hard candy. I picked up a piece and popped it in my mouth, smiling. Anything the sword cut turned into sugary goodness, one of

my favourite powers if I do say so myself. Trouble sat by the portal watching me, almost angrily, so I walked over and sat beside him, scratching behind his ear. "God forbid I don't give you enough of my attention before tonight." The wind picked up and tossed my pale blonde hair around my face, it was always getting in the way, but whenever I tried to tie it back the magic would just mess it up again. The cool breeze continued, reminding me of how I would shiver if I were humanâ€œ! "I wonder if this 'Jack Frost' gets a kick out of making people cold. It seems like an odd thing to enjoy if you ask meâ€œ!" Trouble purred in response, and I could feel the pounding on the portal as I leaned my back against it. My small bat like wings always got uncomfortable if I didn't lean against things the right way, so I tried to move so they weren't squished but ended up giving up.

The sword hung loosely in my hand at my side as I paced around in the middle of the forest that was growing ever darker. "You'd think that immortals would hangout with each other every once in awhile, but no apparently they are all really introverted and hard workersâ€œ! this coming from the one who debated knocking her own teeth out so that the Tooth Fairy would come visit her." I said, even knowing that the tooth fairy herself didn't really do many house calls anymore, she has all her mini fairies to do it for her. I sighed and sat back down on the cold hard ground, watching as the sun dipped below the tree tops and Halloween night officially began. I stood up and turned towards the portal a few minutes later, lifting the locket from around my neck and placing it in the center of the large stone door that had started to glow purple around the edges.

"Alright," I said "It's time to work some magicâ€œ!" after cracking my knuckles I started to swirl my hands through the air in intricate patterns, the now familiar tingle in my finger tips slithered up my arms to my elbows. The purple smoke seeped from my skin and drew sparkly patterns in the ancient portal door. There was a loud crack and the giant stone shifted to the side, releasing a purple glow into the dark forest surrounding it. I dropped my arms to my side, exhausted. "Using that much magic takes a lot out of meâ€œ!" I said catching my breath, Trouble scampered behind the safety of my legs as the first monster stepped out from the glow. He reminded me of North's Yeti's but way less cuteâ€œ! and a lot more smelly. The big furry beast walked right up to me, towering over my head, he had to of been at least seven feet tall.

"Willow the Wisp!" His voice rumbled, he tilted his head in a rather friendly manner. "It is good to see you once again. As always me and my people will be back by sunrise, we thank you for your kind service." this one had me wishing all monsters were this kind hearted, sadly it was only their leaderâ€œ! I could never remember his nameâ€œ!

"Oh don't thank ME," I leaned against the yellow sword, Trouble still cowering behind me, hiding from the parade of monsters now streaming from the glowing purple light. "It's the Man in the Moon who gave me the ability to free you all for one night. Keep to your contract and this will continue." the giant ball of matted fur nodded once more and bid me farewell. I sighed as the last of the monsters exited the portal. I could already hear the giddy squeals from the children in the closest town, I had to get to work. Swirling my hands once more, the purple smoke covered me and I disappeared, flying through time and space. I landed with a slight stumble, the feeling of chaos

attracted me to where I was most needed, a small child was screaming and crying at a snake looking creature. The monsters could never hurt the children due to the contract that leader of theirs agreed to with the Man in the Moon and the rest of the guardians. They were only there to scare, they fed off of it, just like my powers revolved around the children over coming that fear. I let the chaos take over my body and knelt by the girl who was scared senseless by this snake, I smiled at the creature and it smiled back, accepting it's fate and purpose. With one swoop of my sword the serpents head was cut off and it's body dropped to the ground as candy corn. The little girl blinked in surprise, her big brown eyes filled with confusion and relief, she was dressed as a witch for Halloween, how convenient considering I was always being accused of being one myself. I think it has something to do with the dark cape... and bat wings... and broomstick... and maybe the magic powers but I don't know.

"Wh-who are y-you?" she asked me still quivering, but eyeing the candy scattered on the ground.

"The Spirit of Halloween, but you can call me Willow." I smiled at her, she smiled back, showing that Tooth had been visiting her recently, there were big gaps between some of her tiny white teeth.

"You came to save me from that monster?" She asked me taking a step closer, I shook my head.

"No, the monsters can't harm you. As long as you stay brave, and stand up to your fears you'll keep growing." I grabbed a handful of candy corn and held it out to her. "Now does that seem so scary?" she giggled and wiped the last tears from her eyes.

"No!" she laughed louder, now every time she saw a snake it would remind her of candy corn. I smirked, one down, I had too many more to go and I was taking too longâ€¦ last year I barely finished on time. It was important the children didn't fear the evil that lurked in the world. I got up to leave and she pulled on my dark purple cape with her small hand. "Willow wait!" I turned towards her. "Will I see you again?" her sweet voice asked, I tried not to frown.

"Probably not, I'm only visible on Halloween, and only to those who believe." I tapped my finger on her nose, purple sparkles filled her eyes and I could tell I started to disappear to her. Before I fully evaporated in front of her she took the black witch hat off her head and placed it on mine. I was miles away in the matter of seconds and couldn't thank her, but it kept my hair out of my face. Trouble appeared by my side and helped me the rest of the night, and for once, I didn't mind being the Spirit of Halloween, because I didn't feel as lonely.

2. How Trouble Happens

_**Authors Note: **__** Soooooo... I decided to write a little bit more so that you can read about the fun story of how Willow met her cat Trouble :3 I think I will continue to just write little mini stories about her since you guys seem to like them/her so much :) I hope you like it! ^_^-Tris**_

I was flying on my broomstick around Mexico when I felt it, the

enormous pull of chaos. It normally meant that children were afraid and I had to help them, so I followed that feeling, flying all the way to a very small village in the middle of Canada. The year was 1698, I became this protector of sorts when I was eighteen. I should be 21 by nowâ€œ you can do the math.

The pull came from the centre of my chest and grew throughout my torso as I landed on the edge of the small town. I pulled my hood up over my ears, not that I was really that cold but it was The middle of October, my eyes had started to glow with power as Halloween grew ever nearer. So I pulled my hood up so that I didn't scare anyone who saw me with my glowing orange eyes cause, apparently that is frightening or something. I walked calmly through the sleeping village, even though my body jittered and my skin crawled with trouble.

As I turned around the side of one of the log cabins I heard a small whimper of distress from a kid, at this point magic purple smoke seeped from my skin and flickered in clouds around me, almost as if the smoke had a mind of its own. My cloak was wrapped around me, concealing most of my body, the dark purple cape would hide me till I knew what was wrong. I stood in the shadows, finding the boy easily enough with my night vision. He was just walking through the dirt road, probably heading home and he was crying.

The source wasn't completely obvious at first but I looked a little closer and noticed a dark shadow following him. I'd never seen anything like it before, and believe me in the passed three years I've seen some fairly min blowing things. Like flying reindeer and a gold star shaped guy who used golden sand to create dreams, weird stuff like that. But this seemed evileâ€œ or at the very least mischievousâ€œ

The black shadow zipped around the boy and zoomed in front of him. Not a moment later did the boy trip on a rock and fall face first onto the dirt, I would have given anything to catch him before he fell but he wouldn't have been able to see me, or at least much of me. It wasn't Halloween and no one has ever even heard of the Spirit Of Halloween so why believe in her?

Although the closer it got to October 31st the more visible I did become, I would look more like a ghost to him than anything else, and Man in the Moon forbid I scare him even more than he already was. I sighed as I watched him unsteadily pick himself up off the ground, tears dripping from his puffy reddened cheeks. He couldn't have been more than 10 years old, so why was he out here in the dark by himself? I followed him down the road for awhile, the black shadow seeming to have gone, but I still felt the chaos surrounding this poor boy.

I decided he must just be walking home from playing with his friends or something, he still cried, I could feel the fear and worry radiating off him. I kept my broom close at hand and slipped between shadows of houses, like a ghost. The black shadow appeared again as he walked beside a pile of logs, crossing in front of him then darting away. His arm brushed one of the logs ever so lightly and the entire lot of them tumbled over, he started to bawl. My heart felt like it was shattering, this poor kid! I hoped on my broomstick and took off in the direction the shadow went, I eventually caught sight of it, and it must of seen me too because it started to run away from

the village. It was faster than anything I've seen before, but I was Willow the Wisp after all. This thing wasn't getting away to scare any other children, not on my locket.

Once I was a few feet away from it in the high speed chase I hurled a rope of magic at it. As soon as the sparkling smoke made contact with the shadow it slowed to a stop, as the smoke wrapped around it. I stopped and hopped off my broom, picking it from the air and walking slowly towards thisâ€| thing. When I got closer I was suddenly severely confused, it was just a furry animal. I was standing above the pile of fur as it struggled against the encasing of magic, which was useless. I have yet to see anything escape this magic stuff I seemed to create from my pours. Once it noticed me it stopped struggling and laid there, I finally understood what kind of animal it was when it looked at me, it was a cat. It had big glowing yellow-green eyes and midnight black fur, to me it looked like it was almost glittering like it had stars nestled in between the follicles.

It was definitely what was giving me the chaotic feeling, my body was practically vibrating. I hadn't really thought through thisâ€| now that I've caught it what do I do? Do I kill it? I really didn't want toâ€| I had always had a soft spot for animals. It shifted in its Smokey cage and I noticed a white patch of fur on its chest. It was shaped like a crescent moon, I stared at it for a long time and knew then it was wrong to kill it. It was clearly made from magic, like me, and magic comes from the big man. Literally though, the Man in the Moon has to be huge.

The black cat seemed to just lay there, contently watching me, waiting to see what I'd do to it. I knew I couldn't kill it, not if it was a Spirit created by Him, which it clearly wasâ€| why was it hurting that little boy then? I flopped to the ground completely puzzled as to what to do. The cat stared me down, flicking its long black tail around behind it. It seemed friendly and harmless enough right nowâ€| I dissipated the smoke entrapping it and it seemed to stay put. I reached out a hand,
>"Come'ere kitty," I cooed to it, "I'm not gonna hurt yeah." the cat stood, and walked with confidence into my hand, rubbing his head into my palm. Its fur was so soft and warm, it started to purr. I sat cross legged on the ground for awhile just petting it, my broom leaning up against a tree behind me.
"What are you little guy?" I asked, of course, him being a cat he didn't answer. Or at least I didn't think he wouldâ€| but he stopped, looked at me and flicked his tail towards me, a black shadow shot from it and hit me in the chest.

At first I panicked, I touched my chest but there was no wound and I didn't feel any different. I still looked at the cat wide eyed, he stood and with black sparkles flitting around his paws walked in front of me, turned, and then sat down a few feet away.

>"What the-" A wind came from no where then, strong and quick it knocked my broom from leaning against the tree it fell and hit me square in the back of my head.
"OWWW!" I protested as it landed at my side, I rubbed my head and looked at the cat. "Did you do that?" the cat wandered back over and curled up in my lap, purring as I couldn't help but scratch behind his ear. I thought very hard about what had been happening to the boy and what this cat just showed me.

>"You â€| cause bad luck?" he continued to purr, what good was

causing bad luck? Why does this thing even exist? I sat there until the sun came up, I really didn't have much to doâ€¦ not for another week and a half anyways.<p>

"What if I kept you?" I asked the cat who had jumped off my lap and was now stretching and yawning. "I could use some company. And, I seem to have bad enough luck as it is." I stood up stretching my legs as I joked about my situation. The black ball of fur sat in front of me, looking up at me like he was listening. "I think I'll call youâ€¦" I debated calling him 'Lucky' for irony's sakeâ€¦ but decided a better name would be "Trouble."

The cat licked his paw and rubbed his face with it before blinking at me a few times. I took that as a yes, I never thought Guardians could have pets, although I am kind of an unofficial Guardian. Keeper of the portal and all that jazzâ€¦ I picked up the locket that was hanging from its gold chain from around my neck and opened it. I needed to start preparations soon which would mean I would need to find the portal stillâ€¦ I should have been looking for it's new location all year but I kept putting it offâ€¦

"Well buddy I need to get a move on, I already know you can keep up with me so, ready to go?" little sparkling shadows appeared around the cats feet and I hopped on my broom. Me and my new found friend headed off to find where the Spirit Portal was located this year, Trouble galloped beside me on my broomstick like he was running on the ground, but we were flying through the air. I enjoyed his company, I think I could get used to this.

3. Jack Frost and the First Believer

**Authors Note:** ** ERMEHGERD! Hijack's in this one guys everyone flail their arms around and squeal with happiness! Heh :3 I hope I got them right though O_o I would hate to disgrace such an amazing fandom... *crosses fingers* please be good please be good...**_

**I don't own Rise Of The Guardians or How To Train Your Dragon... although I wish I did... :P**

"My hairâ€|. Is_ orange_." I exclaimed to Trouble whilst looking into a broken mirror that was leaning against the wall in some abandoned house I had found. "How does that just _happen_!?" I turned towards the black cat who was lazily lounging atop a pillow on the bed in the next room. He replied by yawning, I rolled my eyes and turned back to the mirror in the master bathroom. My hair, over the past couple months, had been turning a orange like colour, I really thought nothing of it but today I saw myself and it literally looked neon orange in some spots. I sighed and walked out of the run down bathroom, plopping on the old bed beside my cat.

"It looks kind of cool I guessâ€|" I said scratching behind his ear, he started to purr quite loudly. I had a feeling in the pit of my stomach that I would miss my pale blonde hair though, it was like the last human part of me and now, it was goneâ€| I twisted a strand of it around my finger, slightly admiring how it flickered different colours in the sunlight coming through the broken window.

A breeze fluttered through the room, bringing with it the smell of spring, rain, fresh dirt, flowersâ€| it was awfully pretty and making

me a little _too_ nostalgic. I got up and grabbed my broom that was leaning against the wall on the far side of the room.

>"Come on bud, we'd better get going." Troubles head popped up from the pillow giving me a questionable look, as if saying 'Get going where?' I groaned and fell on my back onto the bed, making the old mattress springs complain with my added weight. "I don't knowâ€| somewhereâ€| maybeâ€|" Trouble got up and stretched, walking across the bed to me, he leaned his face over my head and blinked a few times before sneezing in my eyes. I sat up quickly rubbing my face from the sneeze debris.<p>

"I seriously wish you'd stop doing that. Like, come on buddyâ€| how would you feel if I sneezed in your face all the time?" He had developed a bad habit of sneezing on me whenever he disagreed with a decision of mine. A cruel punishment if I ever knew one. He just looked at me, the crescent moon on his chest almost glowing off the rest of his midnight black fur. I reached over and scratched behind his ear again, he was too cute to resist, sadly. "It's almost Easter you know. Maybe Bunny needs some help painting eggs?" Trouble flopped down on the mattress, he was rightâ€| if Bunny needed help he'd ask.

"I apologize for being inhumanly lonely. Sheesh. You don't have to be so blunt about my bad ideas you know." The cat just laid there, enjoying the scratching on his head. A wind blew through the window again, bringing more fresh air and wiping my hair around my face. My hat sat on the broken dresser by the bathroom door, so the orange blinded me, covering my eyes for a moment. When I pulled my hair away I could have sworn I saw something, or someone fly by the window. It frosted over and I heard a guy chuckle, could it be? I pushed Trouble off the bed, grabbed my hat, threw on my cape and jumped out the window. Before I hit the ground I perched myself on my broom and took off in the direction I thought he went. The last time I had visited North he confirmed the rumour about this guy I had heard of. There was, in fact, a Jack Frost and I wanted to meet himâ€| I think.

Trouble's feet flickered with sparkling black shadows as he pranced beside me on my speeding broom, it was mid afternoon, so the sun was high in the sky. Everything just thawing out from a long winterâ€| what was it nowâ€| the end of March? What was he doing in Canada this time of year? I decided I wouldn't just randomly fly up to him and say 'Hi! I'm Willow the Wisp! Spirit of Halloween and Keeper of the Portal Key! It's nice to meet you Jack Frost!' becauseâ€| wellâ€| that just screams 'I've been by myself for too long and I am severely socially awkward.' So I stayed a distance behind him, like the creep I was. He left Canada, flying over the ocean. He was surprisingly faster than I thought he would be, although I guess all immortals are pretty quick because, well, they need to be.

We ended up on a small island, I wasn't sure of the name but I only knew it as "The place that has a dragon problem." Don't get me wrong I adored dragons with a fiery passion, I chuckled to myself, but I was not a huge fan of Vikings. I mean, they had cool hats, and fancy beards, but they smelled funny and were quite rude as far as I could tell. The suspected Jack Frost landed on the tip of the tallest mountain, bare feet and all. This island was still absolutely covered in snow and it went up to his knees, his brown cloak trailing behind him on top of the white snow as he walked.

His hair seemed to match the white stuff almost perfectly, which then convinced me he had to be the guy I'd heard of. He carried a hooked staff and was covered in a blue frost and as he trudged through the snow, he'd tap trees with it, making ice creep up their trunks. Yup, he was definitely Jack Frost. I lowered myself closer to the ground but still sat on my broom, I didn't want to walk through the snow like he was doing.

Trouble stayed quiet beside me, which I was thankful for, he had a bad habit of makingâ€| troubleâ€| I hovered just above the snow following Jack as he marched through the forest, a smile spread across his face revealing perfect white teeth. He was really quite good looking actuallyâ€| I bit my lip, my heart beating a little harder than it usually did. I shook my head, I was being silly, so very silly._ I could have sworn I'd already seen him before...._

A few minutes later I saw what he seemed to be walking towards, a small village, that I knew to be filled with Vikings. I sighed and decided I would have to introduce myself before he got there, so I flew a little closer, taking a deep breath and stepping off of my broom into the freezing snow. He seemed to notice me immediately, turning to face me with a confused stare. I stepped out from behind a thick tree trunk and smiled at him, he looked at me still very confused.

"Hi." I said, when was the last time I actually spoke to someone? A few months ago? I briefly visited North but he was so busy I didn't wanna bother him with boring conversation.

>"Helloâ€|" He said questionably, taking a step closer to me. I gulped and brushed down my tattered black dress.
"My names Willow." I took another step closer so I could shake his hand, he took it hesitantly, his skin was freezing cold. I tried not to shiver but I was afraid my hand might actually get frost bite.

>"Jack Frost." He pulled his hand away, of course I knew his name already but I really didn't want to seem creepy.
"It's nice to meet another immortal, I'm the spirit of Halloween." I said awkwardly. He nodded smirking, his eyes looked like snowflakesâ€|

>"It's very nice to meet you Willow, Jack Frost speaks for itself." He chuckled, tapping a near by tree trunk with his staff, freezing it over. I smiled at him and asked
"So what are you doing all the way out here?" the butterflies in my stomach were starting to bother me. He shrugged stuttered out

>"Just meetingâ€| ââ€| uhâ€| friend." My eyes widened.
"Another immortal lives here?" I asked excitedly. He looked at the ground and scratched the back of his head.

>"He's not an immortal, actually. He's a Viking." I think Jack blushed but his white hair hid his face a bit and I couldn't see, to my dismay.
"Oh, you have a believer?" I sounded slightly jealous, I wished someone believed in _me_â€| Jack nodded.

>"Yeah, it's really great! I'm sorry I can't really stay and chat but-
"Jack!" A smaller brown haired boy ran up cutting him off by hugging him and burying his face in Jack's chest.

>"Hiccup." Jack smiled warmly and wrapped his arms around the boy. I tilted my head to the side, this Hiccup wouldn't be able to see me but I still felt like I was intruding on a very intimate moment.<p>

"Who are you talking to?" Hiccup looked around for someone, I was standing right in front of him butâ€| I was invisible to him. Jack

frowned, probably knowing how that felt.

>"A new friend." Jack said, making me smile uncontrollably. I had to force my facial muscles to relax. "Her names Willow. The spirit of Halloween, right?" Jack looked at me, I nodded.
"Likeâ€| Willow The Wisp?" Hiccup asked, I smirked.

>"That's what some call me, yeah." I said, of course Hiccup couldn't hear me though.
"She says that's what some people call her." Jack said, his arm still around Hiccup's shoulders protectively.

Interestingâ€|

>"I've heard of her, the legends in my village say stuff about her." Hiccup said, his big green eyes seemed to still be searching for me. "Why can't I see her? If I can see you shouldn't I be able to see her too?" He asked Jack. Jack's mouth twisted to the side, thinking I assumed.
"Well, you'd need to believe in her." He said back, Jack stood a few inches taller than Hiccup but the little Viking, which seemed contradictory, seemed quite a few years younger. Of course Jack would stay like he was forever, as the brown haired boy would get olderâ€| I studied how Jack was rubbing circles on Hiccup's shoulder and my eyebrows furrowed. Jack must have noticedâ€|

"I know what you're thinking. I know, I didn't believe it at first either." He twirled a finger around a strand of Hiccup's hair, looking at him lovingly. I sighed, leaning against a tree crossing my arms, still holding my broom.

>"The hot ones are always gay. You two are quite adorable though," I smiled "It's really cute and I'm actually quite happy for you." I blushed. "I know we just met and all, sorry if that was like, too far or something I-"
>"It's fine. You don't talk to many people do you?" He cut me off from my blabbering, I shook my head looking at the ground. It was in that moment that Trouble decided to jump out from behind the tree and start hissing and spitting, all his fur was standing completely on end. Jack seemed confused and Hiccup even more so as he was squeezed tighter by Jack's arm.

"Oh sorry, this is my cat, Trouble." I knelt down beside him. "The hell is wrong with you stupido?" I tried petting him but it did nothing, a loud thud and crunching of snow indicated something big coming towards us. Hiccup turned around instantly

>"Toothless! There you are!" The boy ran towards the big black dragon, who suddenly seemed uneasy. Trouble continued to make weird noises and puff himself up, trying to look scary. The dragon growled "Whoa, what's wrong bud?" the dragon was looking directly at Trouble, the two seemed to be having a stare off. I looked at Jack and he looked between the two animals before looking at me
"Toothless can see Trouble?" he asked me, I shrugged at him and replied

>"I guess so. I didn't see that one comingâ€| "
"Who's Trouble?" Hiccup asked, patting the dragon's nose, trying to calm him down. I just let my cat do his thing, he was too stubborn to argue with. I learned that a few painful scratches ago.

>"Trouble is Willows cat. It seems to be what Toothless is growling atâ€|" Jack answered, unsure of what to do. Hiccup looked puzzled as the two animals continued to stare each other down.<p>

"Well if Toothless can see them then I should be able to as well!" Hiccup's green eyes looked directly at me, I stood very still, barely even breathing. I really hoped he saw meâ€| it would certainly be nice at least. He squinted and suddenly, his face lit up, "I love your hair!" He walked back over to Jack, grabbing his hand. "I can see her!" Jack smiled warmly at him, then turned to me.

>"It seems you have a believer." he sounded like he was

congratulating me. I smiled so big I thought my cheeks might fall apart.
"It's about time!" I exclaimed. Hiccup leaned into Jack's shoulder, I really should get goingâ€œ I didn't want to take up anymore of their time butâ€œ "Do you mind if I come visit sometime again?" Hiccup almost jumped up and down.

"Of course! Any friend of Jack's is a friend of mine! And I'd love to hear more about you!" All of this must seem really crazy to a mortal, but Hiccup handled this really well. I placed my broomstick in the air, and perched on top of it, hovering above the ground. Hiccup's eyes lit up, maybe all Vikings weren't so badâ€œ

>"And I would love to see you again too Willow. It's nice meeting other immortals, any spirit of the Man in the Moon must be worth hanging out with." Jack said, still smiling.
"Well then I'll be sure to stop by sometime." I promised, Trouble still grumbled at my side as his paws lit up in a sparkling black smoke.

>"Yes please do." Jack said. I started to fly away
"See you soon Willow!" Hiccup waved at me, someone actually waved goodbye, and he was a human. A Viking no less.

>"Bye Hiccup! See you guys later!" And I flew away from the island leaving them to have their alone time together. I felt all warm and fuzzy in my chest, someone seen me! I did a loop de loop in the air out of pure joy. If only I had known then that I wouldn't be seeing either of them for quite a long time...<p>

**So what did you think? :) did you like it? Tell me about it! If not tell me how I can write even better! Tell your friends! Tell your family! I love hearing from you guys ^^\n ALSO! I will gladly take more suggestions on topics/stories to write about! Whether it be about Willow or Hiccup/Jack or Rise of the Guardians or really anything else tbh... cause... it's fun :) I love all you readers! Hopefully you like it! :3**_

4. A Little Edgy (Pt 1)

_**Authors Note:**__** SOOOOO this one I'm gonna post in parts BECAUSE it would be one long ass chapter of Willows life andddd I don't wanna keep anyone waiting :) aslo fudge timelines... who follows those anyways? Okay I do and... it kills me that some of this might not be able to line up O_o I'm totally going to have to go back and edit this stuff... OCD... it needs to make sense... It just does! So considering that, this is awhile AFTER the last one... which is why Willow has a little change in character and prospective. But lol hopefully you like the uh... man candy... in this one... heh ;) Happy Reading! (P.S. no shmutt YET. I make no promises for the future.)**_

Thank Mim for warmer weather! I did a flip and flew upside down on my broom over the ocean, I was around the equator and _IT WAS WARM._ Hell! It was plain hot! Don't get me wrong, I love Canada but, I hate the cold. Even if it doesn't affect me the way it used to. For some reason it still bothered me to no end! Silly weather, messing with my emotions.

I smiled to myself as I held my hat to my head, Trouble looked unimpressed as he galloped beside me. The ocean was so beautiful! I flipped right side up again and admired the deep blue and green, maybe a little too much as I flew just above the surface. Some dolphins actually started jumping beside me as I skimmed my hand

along the waves. This pissed Trouble off more than anything and he leaped higher into the air. He jumped around in the clouds instead of flying near the water close the dolphins. I laughed as I got splashed a little, the salt water landing on my smiling lips, it reminded me that I hadn't actually eaten in awhileâ€| the taste caught me by surprise.

I looked out over the ocean, spirits high and happy as ever, for once the memories of being a mortal didn't haunt me. I was happy to have the ability to fly, I didn't have to go to school either, and I stayed young and pretty forever. Why not own this immortal stuff instead of being sulky all the time? How long have I been doing this? Fifty years now? A hundred? Two hundred? I shrugged, guess it doesn't really matter.

I waved goodbye to the dolphins as I rose further into the air and closer to the very grumpy black cat. There was land in the distance and I figured I'd turn around and coast over the sea a little more. Why not right? I had no where to be and nothing I had to be doing anyways! I spun my broom around and took off in the opposite direction, flying towards where I came. Eventually it got dark and the moon came out in full, lighting up the waves in it's now familiar silver shimmer. I slowed, hovering a few metres above the waves, laying back on my broomstick, hands behind my head and looking up at the stars that really did seem to twinkle.

"Twinkle twinkle, little star." I chimed. "How I wonder what you are." my voice echoed among the crashing waves. "Up above the world so high. Like a diamond in the sky." The breeze blew my hair around, but my trusty hat kept it from getting in my face. "Twinkle Twinkle little star," I whispered. "How I wonder what you areâ€|" and then I seemed to hear a whispered voice inside my headâ€| like a man was speakingâ€| slowly the melody continued.

"When the blazing sun is gone, when there's nothing he shines upon. Then you show your little light, Twinkle Twinkle through the night. Twinkle Twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are." The voice was calming and I didn't panic like anyone else would have. I looked at the bright full moon, I knew who it was. I smiled up at it and listened intently as he continued to sing, "In the dark blue sky so deep, through my curtains often peep, for you never close your eyes, till the morning sun does rise, Twinkle twinkle little star. How I wonder what you are." the deep voice faded "Twinkle twinkle, little star, how I wonder, what you are." and then it was gone, just the sound of waves and the ocean breeze as it passed my ears.

I turned my head to Trouble who seemed un-phased, I wondered if he had heard him tooâ€| it wasn't like I could ask him. I closed my eyes, the Man in the Moon, or Mim, as I like to call him, the full name can get to be a mouth full sometimes.

I ended up floating over a small island, it was tropical and beachy so I decided to come down and take a look around. My feet landed on the still warm, white sand and I decided to take my knee high socks off, my bare toes dug into the sand like a blanket. Enjoying the feeling I started to hum the song again, my voice sounded so minuscule and bland compared to Mim thoughâ€| still I continued. Leaving my socks and hat behind (I was getting sweaty) I started into the forest.

The thick trunks of the trees were hard to squeeze through but I was small enough, the little fur ball I called my pet trailed close behind me. He was not enjoying the humidity one bit, his fur puffing out more than usual. I giggled at him and continued on my adventure, learning quickly that I needed my broom to push various over grown plants out of my way. It was quite the quaint little island, and surprisingly it had a lot more animals than you'd think. It definitely had me wandering how they got thereâ€¦

Being the middle of the night most of these creatures were out and about, luckily I could see them, perks of being me, night vision. No wonder kids loved super heroes, special powers were pretty cool! And to think I have been taking them for granted up until awhile ago. Hell I thought of them as more of a curse! I brushed a branch away with my hand, a moment later I felt a tickle on my knuckleâ€¦ a scared yelp came from my mouth and then a full out scream of terror as I saw what it was. A giant ass spider. I flung my arm around, brushing it with my other hand as I ran out of the forest as fast as I could. Once I made it back to the beach I collapsed to the sand, laughing.

After my heart rate slowed I decided the waves looked rather inviting, when was the last time I bathed? I couldn't tellâ€¦ I didn't smell or look dirty though. Another plus of being immortal! I took off my purple cloak and my black dress that was all ripped at the bottom so that I was left in my bra and underwear. At first I timidly tiptoed my way into the warm water, it lapped at my ankles, rising and falling as the waves rolled in. I waded further in so that it came up to my waist, I looked back to the shore and Trouble was sitting cleaning himself by my clothes, quite a distance from the water. What a pussy. I chuckled.

I turned and went further into the ocean, until my feet could no longer touch and I needed to start pumping my legs to stay afloat. I was surprised I remembered how to swim, I hadn't in a really long time. My orange hair glowed against the dark waves. It was serene on the ocean tonight near this little island, very calming after that spider attack. After a little swim I started to go back towards shore, and I was at my waist again when I saw a figure run out of the forest. I didn't really care to be honest, so what if there were locals here, they wouldn't be able to see me anyways. Still I stayed waist deep in the water and watched it. The figure came into better view and I noticed it was a guy, a good looking guy at that.

"Hello?" He called, looking around. Who was he looking for? His head turned towards me, out of reflex I didn't move. I expected him to look around some more then move onâ€¦ butâ€¦ he just kept staringâ€¦ like he was looking at meâ€¦ I gulped and stood completely still. He can't see me. Who am I kidding? The only ones who could see me are the other spirits. I was getting worked up over nothingâ€¦ then he started walking closer, purposefully avoided my clothes AND Troubleâ€¦ or at least it looked like it.

"Are you okay?" he said directly at me. I wiped my head around and there was no one but me.

>"Are you talkingâ€¦ to me?" I asked him.
>"Who else would I be talking to?" He answered me. I gasped and covered my mouth with my hand to conceal my dropped jaw.

>"You canâ€¦ see me?" I asked him, he stood ankle deep in the water,

still seemingly on alertâ€| but now also confused.
"Ummâ€| yes?" He said looking more confused by the second.

>"He can see meâ€| YOU can see meâ€|?" I suddenly yelled and dropped into the water. He can see me alrightâ€| a lot of me. The water now came up to my neck and I really hoped I wasn't blushing too badlyâ€|
"Yeahâ€| are youâ€| okay?" He asked me taking a step deeper.

>"I'm.. um.. Fine. Why?" I stuttered, who WAS this guy? His black hair was messy and tossed around his head in the sexiest wayâ€|
"Well I heard a scream so I came to check it out. Was that you?" His voice was uncertain but he timidly took another step into the water. His skin was pale and looked almost grey in the moonlight, his jaw line looked like it was chiselled from marble. I mentally shook myself, right.. He asked me a question.

>"I did scream earlier, there was a spider." I spit out without thinking.
"An immortal who is scared of spiders? That's a new oneâ€|" he chuckled slightly, a low sound that seemed almost menacing after listening to my bubbly laughter for all these years. My face was flushed beat red, I could tell.

>"Who are you?" I changed the subject.
"Why don't you get dried off and dressed and THEN we can talk?" He turned and walked out of the water, the bottom of his dark jeans wet along the bottom.

He walked a little passed my clothes and sat down with his back facing them. I assumed he was waiting for me to get dressed so I crept out of the waves and onto the beach. The scorching heat, that lingered even at night, had me almost dry by the time I reached my clothes but I used my cape to dry off further. I threw on my dress and cleared my throat,

>"So, who are you?" I asked again. He turned around and stood up, holding out his hand for a handshake.
"I'm Edge, and you?" I was so sceptical about this entire situation but I took his hand, it was so cold. It was like shaking hands with a cold rock.

>"I'm Willow." I let go of his hand and sat down on the ground, trying to wring out my hair of salt water. He sat down in front of me, "How did you know I'm immortal?" I asked him, still feeling incomprehensible.
"Because I am too." He gave me a drop dead perfect smile. Tooth would be all up in his mouth right now if she could see. I half smiled back, letting my hair fall over my left shoulder.

>"That's cool. What do you do?" I couldn't look him in the eye, this all seemed too awkward for me to handle.
"Nothing special. How about you?" Our communicative skills were just amazing weren't they?

>"Uh Willow the Wispâ€| Spirit of Halloweenâ€| you knowâ€| Keeper of the Portal and all that." which reminded me that I wasn't wearing my locketâ€| I had a mini heart attack until my hand found it beside Trouble in the sand. I quickly placed it around my neck, I always felt like a part of me was missing when I wasn't wearing it.
"So what about your little friend here?" Edge motioned towards Trouble who had actually been glaring at the guy.

>"Oh he spreads bad luck. His names Trouble." Edge chuckled again, it made me shiver.
"Did you name him?" He asked, I nodded and then there was a long silence.

Edge shifted uncomfortably in the sand, as he fidgeted with the hem of his t-shirt. A wind blew and tosseled his hair around, it made the dry pieces of mine get caught in my face. I looked around for my hat, once I found it and put it on he gave me an odd look.

>"It keeps the hair out of my face." I told him, he

nodded.
"Where'd you get it?" That was an odd questionâ€|>"A little girl gave it to me last Halloween, after I helped her over come her fear." I said to him honestly, he seemed surprised. Almost disturbed by this. "Something wrong?" I asked him as he looked at the sand, hiding his face with his black hair.
"Ohâ€| uh noâ€| so your responsibility is to overcome fear?" He was definitely an odd oneâ€|

>"Wellâ€| bravery I guess. My main job is to keep the key to the Spirit Portal safe and open it every October 31st." I was debating leaving at this pointâ€| but he looked up at me in the eyes. His iris's bursting with green and a daunting yellow thatâ€| seemed familiar somehowâ€|
"Well that's a really important job." He smiled at me nervously, my breath caught in my throat. "I'm sorry I'm so awkward I don't talk to many people much." He apologized, I chuckled.

>"It's alright, I don't think any of us do." this seemed to make his gorgeous smile return again. Can someone slap me? I need to be brought to my senses.
"Isn't THAT the truth! So what brings you to this lonely island?" he asked me, smile fading again. I shrugged and pulled my broom closer to me, I felt safer with it by me.

>"Um dunno really. I was just enjoying the ocean and listening to Mim sing and I kind of justâ€| came across it." I looked up at the stars, still twinkling in the sky.
"Mim?" Edge sounded confused.

>"Yeah. Its my short form for Man in the Moon." I said to him, he seemed disturbed again and looked back at the sand.
"Are you planning on staying?" He looked up at me through his thick eyelashes. He was soâ€| ughâ€|

>"Yes." I answered too quickly. "I meanâ€| for awhileâ€| I canâ€| if you wantâ€|" I stammered. I'm such a dunts.
"I wouldn't mind having company around for once." He smirked, raising his head. Edges eyes met mine again and my heart skipped, this boy was gonna give me a heart attack worse than the freakin spider. The green pools of his eyes reminded me of emeralds and ocean, I got too caught up for awhileâ€|

>"So what do you ACTUALLY do?" I asked finally being able to break away from his eyes.
"I don't ACTUALLY do much to be honest." he replied.

>"Wellâ€| what CAN you do then?" I asked, twirling a finger through the air, making sparkling purple smoke swirl around and dissipate. He smirked and I wasn't sure whether he gave me such a smoldering look on purpose but.. He totally did and said
"You don't wanna know." Challenge accepted.

**I hope you liked it! :) There's more to come! Hopefully soon! Willow's competitive side may get the best of her in the next one... it should be goooood :D**

5. A Little Edgy (Pt 2)

_**Authors note:**__** so Lol I'm actually in the hospital right now so I figured writing would give me something to do... no worries I'm fine now :P anyways... PLOT TWISTS FTW! That's all I have to say about it.*_*

"So what if I do wanna know?" I asked him, rather curious as to why in the world I 'wouldn't want to know'. He smirked, and the butterflies in my stomach fluttered.

>"You'd probably be too in 'awe' if you knew what I could do." he

said back sounding cocky. Well then.
"I'll show you mine, if you show me yours." I countered standing up, broom in hand. He shrugged and stood up too, dusting off the sand that clung to him.

>"Okay. But you asked for it. Remember that." He said like it was some kind of warning. I tossed my broom in the air and it caught itself hovering a few feet off the ground. I perched on it, crossing my legs and looking bored.<p>

"Can you fly?" I asked him, he looked down, hair covering his eyes and sighed heavily. A low whistle left his lips, it sounded like the most haunting wind was being blown and his feet lifted from the white sand. Barely visible wisps of green tentacles seemed to lap near his feet. He looked back up at me, still smiling, his eyes nearly glowing in the night.

>"Can you fly without that old broom?" He asked me as we both hovered just above the ground.
"Um.. Yeah." I stood up on the broom and jumped into the air, flicking my small bat like wings as fast as I could. I didn't usually rely on them much, it felt kind of laboured.

>"That's cute." he stated, rising into the air so he was level with me. The flapping sound coming from my wings was making me self conscious.
"I'm not 'cute'." I crossed my arms over my chest. Edge chuckled, deep and low. Again it made me want to shiver but I held it back.

>"Surrrrrre you're not." He said shaking his head. "You might as well be a fairy with those little wings." He manoeuvred around me suddenly, so he was behind me. I quickly turned, blushing. My wings weren't 'cute'. they might have been really smallâ€| barely half the size of my armâ€| but they weren't adorableâ€|<p>

"So what you can fly? If that's all I'm not exactly shacking in my boots buddy." I challenged. This seemed to make him smirk mischievously. Suddenly he was right at my ear, our bodies so close I could feel his cold chest just barely touching mine.

>"You should be." He whispered. The hair's on the back of my neck stood on end, goose bumps rising on every inch of my body. I gulped and shuttered, everyone of my instincts told me to run away. Hop on my broom and never come back to this island again butâ€| that would be such a cowardly thing to do.<p>

A few milliseconds later he was a couple metres away from me, floating above the forest. "Coming?" He called to me. I hesitated only for a moment to call Trouble and summon my broom to me and then I followed him. We flew just above the tree tops, the leaves touching our feet every once and awhile. Trouble began to growl quietly and I tried to pet him but he jumped away from my hand when I did. I shook it off and followed edge into this dark jungle.

When we seemed to reach the centre of the island he dropped down, so I did too. He slid down a tin roof, onto a wooden box and landed on the ground gracefully. I stumbled, landing on the uneven ground beside him.

>"Show off." I mumbled. He scratched behind his head.
"I don't mean to be. When your alone as much as me you just do things to entertain yourself." he told me. I nodded, I guess that makes sense. "So, this is essentially where I live." He motioned to the old run down shack we had landed in front of. My eyebrows furrowed >"You LIVE here?" normally immortals spirits like us wanderedâ€|

"Uh yeah. Figured it was nice and secluded enough." he said as he

swiftly went up the rickety steps to the front door. I held back for a moment, feeling uneasy about all of this. He opened the door and went inside the dark shack, so I made a quick decision to follow. Besides, nothing too scary about following a strange guy into his old rickety shack in the middle of the jungle. It doesn't scream 'RAPE!' at all. Nope. Trouble didn't follow me inside and it angered me that he was being so stubborn.

Edge lit a candle in the corner of the small building, making an orange ominous glow flicker throughout the one room. The door slammed behind me, making my head swing around, I didn't jump though. Show no fear. I turned back to him and he was watching me, arms across his broad chest.

>"So what did you mean 'secluded enough'?" I asked as I looked in awe around the room. Floor to ceiling lined with books. Old and new, every size shape and colour.
"I don't do well around people."

>"What about immortals?" I countered. He smirked and fell into a big comfy looking chair.
"I'm better around them." he responded. I walked over to a wall of books and started reading titles, a lot of them were in different languages and I couldn't even tell what they were about.

>"So.." He said.
"Soâ€|" I said back, still facing the wall of books.

"What else can you do?" he asked. I turned then and raised an eyebrow at him. "You were the one who said 'I'll show you mine, you show me yours.'" he mimicked my voice. Rather horribly I might add. "Soâ€| show me something?" he sat in his chair all smug like I couldn't do anything other than flap my little wings. I'll show HIM.

I rolled my eyes and swirled my hands through the air, purple smoke seeped from my hands and floated in the air. Sparkling and flickering in the light of the dim orange glow of the candle. "Well that's pretty. I wish I could make purple smoke come out of MY hands." he said sarcastically. He was brimming with bravery though, I could feel it. Along with the chaos that surrounded him I was thoroughly pumped up with magic. I smirked at him, giving him the same mischievous smile he gave me earlier. He didn't even know what I was capable of. I flung my hands to my side and the purple smoke followed, surrounding and spreading around everything in and around the shack. Slowly I started to raise my hands and the smoke obeyed, lifting everything it touched.

I levitated in the air, like everything else in the shack, including the entire building. My hair was flicking around my face, the wind began picking up, my eyes were probably glowing purple. Once my hands were above my head I did a spin in the air, everything spun with me and I slowly lowered it. Feeling the fear and uncertainty in Edge as I lowered myself back to the wooden floor.

With a soft bump the shack landed back on the jungle ground, I flicked my fingers and all the smoke exploded away, raining down like sparkling snowflakes. I smiled sweetly at him. He was holding on for dear life to his chair across the room. That's when I noticed my canines had elongated, wow. He really did give me a lot of power. It was all the chaos around him, which worried and confused me.

"That wasâ€| impressive." he said chuckling nervously and running a hand through his black hair. I put a hand on my hip and pretended to

look at my nails.

>"Yeah. I know. I guess it's your turn." and I instantly regretted saying that. Everything went black. Which never happened to me, I could see in the dark perfectly. My heart started to race as I tried to blink away the darkness. I fell to my knees and managed to find my broom, as quickly as I could I swirled my fingers through the air. I felt it turn into my sword and I stood as steadily as I could.
"Tell me Willow. What's your biggest fear?" Edges voice echoed all around me, sounding down right evil.

>"I don't have any. I'm the guardian of bravery." I held my sword in front of me with both hands, still completely blind.<p>

"Oh! But there has to be SOMETHING!" He whispered over my shoulder, I spun around but he was already gone. A small green light appeared, and I slowly walked towards it cause screw the whole 'don't go towards the light!' deal. It grew rapidly covering me, to my horror it felt sticky, and stretchy. Like spiders webs. Covering my whole body and the more I tried to shake them off the more they squeezed me. The more my sword sliced the more there seemed to appear. Sticky green tentacles everywhere, it was the grossest most horrifying feeling ever.

Then I felt them, the small tickles crawling up my legs. I started to scream but no sound came out of my mouth. I couldn't see anything but black and the green webs all around me, small black shadows with long legs traveling down them towards me. I fought desperately to get them off but there were hundreds, my heart had never beaten so quickly. Slice after slice more appeared.

Finally the panic and fear took over and I collapsed to the ground holding my knees and my sword. Crying. The spiders crawling all over me, going my ears I could feel them in my brain, under my skin. I wanted to heave but I couldn't do anything but cry silently. I swung my sword one last time, chopping a web just to be replaced by another.

I then realized something I should have put it together before this the web just fell to the black ground and disappeared. It didn't turn to candy. Everything my sword cut turned into candy! Edge wouldn't know that this was an illusion of some kind.

"This isn't real!" I screamed and I actually heard my voice. I stood up and closed my eyes. The spiders under my skin weren't there, I wasn't covered in spider webs. "This is a trick!" I flung my hands out again, the powering rising in my voice. My fangs grew longer and my purple glowing eyes lit up the darkness. The smoke flew from my limbs and suddenly I was back in the shack.

I stood there shivering, looking around trying to clear the stars from my vision. When it fully returned I looked down at myself. No spiders, or webs. My sword hung at my side with my knuckles gripped the handle so tight they were white. I looked at Edge who was standing close behind me with his hand on my shoulder and a confused expression. I quickly turned

>"Who the hell are you?" I backed away from him, holding my sword out in front of me.<p>

I was in full attack mode now, even my wings had grown. Sprouting from my back and going down to almost my ankles. Edge looked at me

with suddenly sad eyes.

>"I warned you!" He said. I shook my head, he was avoiding the question.
"Who. Are. You. Edge." I said sternly. His green eyes filled with pain.

>"Have you ever heard of Pitch?" His voice was quiet. Sweet almost.
"Pitch black? The boogeyman?" My brain was processing butâ€| he said it before I reached the conclusion

>"He's my father."<p>

**Review if you like it? :) Tell all your friends too cause... I love to hear feedback! :P What has Willow gotten herself into now...**

6. A Little Edgy (Pt 3)

**Authors Note:**** So... crazy right? 2 chapters in one day? WHAT? Lol I'm bored and this story has captured all of my thoughts and until it's down and on the internet I will not be able to focus on anything but it. Not that any of you mind though right? :P Heh... ANYWAYS I hope you like it lots and lots :)**_

I knew I had a bad feeling about him! Trouble jumped through an open window, smoke flaring from his tail. He aimed it directly at Edge and it hit him, I took his moment of confusion to jump out the window and Trouble followed close behind. I beat my now big wings and it was a lot better than when they were little. As I distanced myself from the island thoughâ€| they started to shrink and a storm had started to form.

I felt the residual power the chaos and bravery had given me leaving my body, zapping my magic and my wings eventually turned back to their normal size. I started to fall from the sky. I tried my hardest to morph my sword back to the broomstick but I couldn't do it before I hit the water. Now, I may have remembered how to swim before but nowâ€| the waves were so highâ€| I couldn't seem to keep my head above the surface and I was quickly inhaling a decent amount of salted sea.

Trouble was prancing nervously above me, he kept making paranoid cat 'murruffoww!'s. I had lost my broom somewhere in the now black water. The extra weight from being so wet made my tiny wings useless for getting me out of the water. I started coughing and choking and I couldn't help but let the thought I was suppressing enter my mindâ€| can immortals drown?

Thunder clapped in the sky and the rain hurt my eyes, so eventually I lost sight of the frightened cat who desperately wanted to help me but clearly couldn't. A wave over took me at that point, burying me under the water and tossing my body around like a rag doll. I was so disoriented I couldn't find which way was up and eventually I justâ€| let goâ€| I was tossed from wave to wave, current to current. I felt myself actually dyingâ€|

It wasn't like the first time I died, that was quick and fast. I fell and hit the ground and that was it until I woke up again. It's hard to explain, the feeling of dying was the same, but different. Immortals still needed to breathe. Spirit or not we needed air andâ€| I was currently inhaling water. I could literally feel the water go into my lungs and then I breathed it out as the waves crashed around

me. Slowly I just seemed to get darker and darkerâ€| very literally though.

As I fell deeper into the water things weren't so hectic and crazy, my limbs wouldn't respond and I couldn't move. Strands of hair floated around my face and I watched as the bright orange faded to a pale blonde. I felt the chill of the depths I was at make me shiver tooâ€| I was becoming human again? Is that what happens when we die?

I felt the magic draining from the centre of my bones, every last piece of me I had come to know drifting from me as I fell towards the bottom of Mim knows whereâ€| there was a flash of green behind my eyelids and then a cold air whipped across my cheeks. I was so coldâ€| I was just â€| soâ€| coldâ€|

"Willow? Willow please wake up!" I heard a familiar voice â€| but I couldn't comprehend itâ€| I couldn't move, couldn't see, couldn't breatheâ€| the darkness took over my mind again and I felt like I was lost at sea once more.

My eyes fluttered open and I was looking up at a familiar tin ceiling. I instantly started to cough up water, my lungs burning for air. Finally I took a deep breath, sitting up.

>"You're alive!" Edge's enthusiasm surprised me. I quickly searched for my broom, it was no where to be found. I scrambled away from him clumsily, wanting to get as much distance between me and him as possible. "Easy! Easyâ€|" he cooed like talking to a small, scared animal. My breaths were laboured and quick. My heart felt like it was filled with sand as if it hurt to beat. "I'm not gonna hurt you. I promise." He said, he was kneeling beside me. The green worried eyes observing me, the horrifying yellow burst in the centre making me shiver.<p>

"Get away from me!" I tried to shout in one of my powerful voices. It came out sounding weak, feeble andâ€| humanâ€|

>"I saved you! I'm not gonna hurt you I promise!" I didn't believe him until I noticed Trouble sitting quietly beside him. Close enough so his fur was touching Edges thighâ€| my hat in his small mouth. The small black cat walked up to me, placing the witches hat in front of my legs. He looked back at Edge, then to me again. I gulped.
"You saved me?" I asked, my voice shaking. Edge nodded, his hair waved around his head with the motion. I took a few deep breaths.

"Why?" I asked when I was able to calm myself down. Edge got up and handed me a blanket, I still felt really weak and so very cold. He sat back in front of me on the floor of his little shack.

>"Becauseâ€|" He ran his hand through his hair. "What I did was wrong. I shouldn't have scared you like that I'm sorryâ€| I thought I had better control of myself than thatâ€| Mim I'm so STUPID!" he rubbed his face. I chuckled lightly
"You said Mimâ€|" I giggled again. "Did you get that from me?" He looked up, a small sad smile on his pale lips.

>"Yeah, it's really catchy." I looked him in the eyes, and he held my gaze. For a minute the yellow didn't seem menacing, for a second I felt like he was a good guy. For a very split moment I felt this warmth radiating from my chest. He saved meâ€| maybeâ€| he wasn't so badâ€|<p>

I shook myself. He was Pitch Blacks SON. He was evil. He had to be. It ran through his veins! When I remembered what he did to me before I had took off from the island I shuttered and looked away.

>"What do you mean you should have had better control of yourself?" I pinned my back against the wall of the old shack. Trying to distance myself. "You cant control your powers?" I asked him nervously. Fear radiated throughout my body once more.<p>

He sighed heavily, his shoulders slumped. He was glaring at the ground like it was the cause for his anger.

>"When I start to feel some ones fear it justâ€œ takes me overâ€œ it's like a drug. I feel so powerful and strong and that'sâ€œ His fists clenched in his lap, his body was all tense.
"It's okay" I blurted. His head snapped up, pure surprise in his face.

>"Really?" He asked sounding exasperated. I bit my lipâ€œ was it really okay? Should I forgive him? I looked at Trouble, and Trouble blinked at me then nudged my hat towards me. I smiled
"Yeah. You saved me soâ€œ that has to count for somethingâ€œ right?" I bit my lip again.. It was chappedâ€œ

"I really don't deserve your forgiveness but I will gladly welcome it with open arms." his smile made my insides hurt in the most wonderful wayâ€œ I stood up suddenly and saw stars, I wobbled slightly and dropped the blanket to the floor. Picking up my hat and glancing around the room I started to panic.

>"Where's my broom?" I asked him.
"It's uhâ€œ leaning against the wall over thereâ€œ" I saw it sadly leaning in the darkest corner of the room. It looked so â€œ boring and normalâ€œ usually I could feel it brimming with magic like it had a soul of it's own butâ€œ it seemed as though it was just a regular broomâ€œ

I picked it up and it felt so offâ€œ I turned to Edge.

>"Well I gotta go soâ€œ I'll see you aroundâ€œ" Both him and Trouble looked up at me, something awful swimming behind their eyes.
"you can't." Edge said. My heart jumped.

>"What are you talking about? Of course I can. You can't force me to stay here. I'm leaving." I went to walk out the door but Edge was at my side in seconds and he caught me by the arm. His cold hand felt different on my skin.
"Willow wait." he said, I angrily turned to him.

>"Why!?" I said maddened.
"Because you're humanâ€œ" his voice dropped like hearing that news nicely would make it easier to bare.

My voice dropped to almost a whisper

>"What â€œ do you mean?" I asked and he turned away from me, moving across the shack to grab something. He picked up a small silver hand mirror and he brought it to me, placing it face down in my open palm. For a second our hands brushed and the chill it sent up my spin wasn't all that unpleasant but I was too caught up in horror that I shook away the feeling easily.<p>

I slowly turned the mirror over in my hand and raised it so I could look at my face, my eyes turned into saucers when I saw my reflection. My eyes were a dull olive green, my skin white and tired grey bags hung around my sockets. My hair was a dull blonde and I just looked grey in general compared to my glowing usual selfâ€œ I looked up at Edge, fear rising in my stomach.

>"I'm humanâ€œ" I stated, he nodded. "How? Did you do this!?" my anger simmered when I saw the hurt in his eyes.
"No. I'm not sure

how it happenedâ€| one minute you were flying away from here with giant bat wings and the next I found you fully human and half dead in the ocean." he shook his head in confusion.

>"I diedâ€|" I said quietly.
"But you're immortal? Immortals can't justâ€| dieâ€|" he looked at me questioning.

>"We need to breathe like any other living thingâ€| I drowned. It took awhile but Iâ€|" I bit my lip looking back at my bland reflection. "I did. I died. Again."
-

Edge paced around the shack as I shivered under the blanket he gave me while sitting in the comfy chair.

>"I was born immortal so I don't get this 'dying again' business." he ran his hand through his hair again, messing it further. I guess that explains why he has permanent bed head.
"Well some of usâ€| I don't know how many, died, and thenâ€| un-diedâ€| and then we became immortal spirits. The Man in the Moon gives us our powers. No one really knows how HE worksâ€| maybe he can take them away just the same way he gives themâ€|" I clenched the blanket around my chest, feeling completely and utterly heartbroken. I stared at my dead looking broom beside me and tears threatened in the corners of my eyes.

"Okayâ€| soâ€| what gave you your powers in the first place? don't you all have some kind ofâ€| thing?" He glanced at my broom and sighed. The blanket fell away a little as my shoulders slumped and I noticed something was missing. Something crucial. Something I got that essentially gave me my powersâ€|

>"My locketâ€|" I touched the spot it was missing from on my dress. "Where's my locket!?" panic rose in my insides, everything buzzing. I was scared. I don't like being humanâ€| I wasn't as braveâ€|
<p>

"it must have fallen off in the storm." Edge stated.

>"But you have my hat and broom! I lost those when I fell too!" I stood up, ready to fly out and dive into the ocean to look for it. Even though deep down I knew that was ridiculous.
"Trouble had your hat when I found him. Your broom was floating, like wood does, on the surface not to far from where he was flying around." He looked at me painfully. "I didn't really think about finding your locket when I dove into the water. I was more focused on saving you and not some silly necklace."

I shook my head. "it's not just 'some silly necklace'" I mimicked him like he did to me earlier. It was just as bad. "It's the Spirit Portal Key. Without it, on Halloween the monsters won't be let out! They'll rebel and break out themselves! Monsters will be running around out of control scaring every last child on earth! The contract will be broken and they will have no rules to follow!" I bit my lip again, almost making it bleed. "They'll be able to hurt themâ€| the monsters will justâ€|" I crumpled to the floor in a heap of hopelessness. "We need to find it Edgeâ€|" I started crying. Which wasn't something I did often when I was immortal and the warm tears that dripped down my cold cheeks felt foreign and strange.

The son of Pitch Black walked over to me, wiped the tears from my eyes and cupped my chin in his cold hand.

>"I'll help you find your locket Willow, and we'll find it if it kills us again and again." the sincerity in his beautiful shining green eyes had me feeling like maybe there was a chance. All wasn't lost. Yet.<p>

Give me a little R&R? ;) haha ... *cough* okay I'll stop now...

7. A Little Edgy (Pt 4)

**AUthors Note:** I apologize if you don't get some of my humor in this one but... uhm... YEAH! :P Gonna wrap this little saga up in the next one! Stay tuned! :D Oh and Happy New Years tomorrow!
:)**_

The sun had started to rise over the now calm ocean. The storm had passed days ago and I was already out and combing the beach for my locket again. Hoping that it had washed up on shore. Of course that was too simpleâ€| Trouble sniffed around close on my heels. The orange and pink sky was really pretty and I wished that I had time to enjoy it. I yawned scanning the shallow water lapping at the sand.

>"You need to sleep you know." Edge said seeming to appear from out of now where. I jumped and took a deep breath.
"Don't sneak up on me like that." I scolded. "And I'll sleep when I'm dead." I told him as I walked right on by.

"You're human now Willow, you will ACTUALLY most likelyâ€| I thinkâ€| really die this time if your not careful." His uncertainty and confusion made me laugh.

>"I'm technically like over 100 years old or something. I should either be a wrinkled old hag or a pile of dust right now. But here I am, looking like the same small 19 year old I did the day I diedâ€| the first time." I yawned again, and my stomach grumbled and rolled. Edge gave me a look and I sighed.
"Okayâ€| fine. I'll have a nap and eat a coconut or something." I rolled my eyes and walked towards the forest.

"Uh no. I'm going with you. There are dangerous wild animals and you're fairly fragile right now." he said catching my arm as I tried to walk around him again.

>"I am NOT fragile!" I said looking up at him towering over me in my small voice. He squeezed my arm slightly tighter. "OWW!" I tugged it away from him frowning and rubbing the spot he pinched.
"Hop on my back and I'll give you a ride back." Was he kidding?

>"'Uh no'." I mimicked what he said to me when he denied ME something. It seemed to become a pattern, us teasing each other in bad imitations of the others voice.<p>

"Willow, it'll take like five seconds. Walking would take hours and be dangerous. You're not even wearing shoes!" He chuckled at me. If he keeps treating me like a kid and making logical statements I swear I'm gonna- he grabbed me and as soon as we were in the air I wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck as tight as I could. Holding on for dear life, my human body didn't like the G forcesâ€| I felt nauseous.

Once we landed I felt so dizzy and light headed I was about to feint, Edge caught me before I hit the ground thoughâ€| of course. I knew I was being carried like a child and I honestly didn't care at this point, being cradled against his chest was downright inviting. He smelled like ocean air and fresh breeze. Kind of like plants after it rains and some kind of sweet honey smell that I couldn't quite figure out.

When I woke up I felt well rested at least, there was a note and a pile of fruit in front of the door. So that I couldn't miss it if I tried to leave. I rolled my eyes and read the note, his hand writing was better than MINE? What is this rumpusâ€|

Dear Willow,

>I went out with Trouble to search for the locket. Eat and then you can come join us. Go down the path I made, it's less dangerous and easy on your feet.
-Edge

"Okay DAD." I said sarcastically to myself. I WAS rather hungryâ€| so I grabbed a weird shaped fruit and bit into it. When was the last time I actually ate something other than candy? I gobbled down almost all of it before I really thought of an answer. Before I diedâ€| the first time. I think. Opening the door was like breathing fresh air for the first time. That stupid shack was so damn stuffyâ€| being in the middle of the forest and right by the ocean you'd think it would be a little nicer but NOPE!

It took me a lot longer than I had hoped to finally get to the beach but I made it. Covered in sweat and smelly as hell but hey, I was planning on swimming around for my locket anyways. I looked around for Trouble and Edge but I couldn't see them anywhereâ€| it also didn't help that I forgot the human me was terribly near sightedâ€|

>"Oh wellâ€|" I sighed stripping off my dress, I didn't bring my hat or socks because it was too humid out and it literally stuck to my head and legs.<p>

The sun was really high in the sky and I wasn't sure what time it was but I assumed it was something like mid afternoon. The water was nice and cool against my over heated skin but as I got deeper in my breath became shallow and my heart started to race. I remember that night when I drownedâ€| the waves tossing me around, helpless, dead. I took a deep breath, I was being silly. I stomped into the water and started treading in one spot.

>"See, not so bad." I reassured myself. To be honest it wasn't so bad at all, I was instantly cooled off and everything. I took a few more deeper breaths and dove underneath, opening my eyes was odd. Everything was really blurry and not the usual crystal clear I was used to. Course human eyes aren't the same as mine used to beâ€|<p>

Way too soon I had to come back up for air and I saw two dark figures in the distance. I swam so my feet were touching the bottom again and then I stopped, realizing, once again, I was rather exposed. Trouble landed by my clothes, far away from any source of water and Edge floated just above me.

>"We have to stop meeting like this." I said trying to joke but I blushed so horribly that I think it failed. Edge smiled his perfect jaw dropping smile, I think I might have a smile fetishâ€|
"I don't really mind it." He floated through the air effortlessly, hands behind his head and laying like he was lounging on a hammock.

"I take it you didn't find anything?" I said forcing myself to look away from him. His mouth twisted to the side.

>"Noâ€| sorry." I nodded and looked down through the water at my toes.
"It's alrightâ€|" It really wasn'tâ€| but I wasn't gonna let him worry more. "So Edge." I started, his eyebrows furrowed in worry.

>"Yes?" his reaction confused me.
"What does THAT look mean?" I chuckled. He scanned my face seriously.

>"Whenever a girl starts with 'So BLANK.' they are about to ask a question they don't ACTUALLY wanna know the answer to." he was so logical it threw me off.<p>

"Why would anyone ask if they didn't wanna know?"

>"Hope." He replied simply.
"Hope?" I asked.

>"Yeah, they know the answer will probably be bad. But they hope that it will be better than they are expecting." he seemed to make it sound soâ€| simple. Or something.
"But thenâ€| wouldn't they just be let down by their own doing?" I was asking him this stuff like he knew the meaning of life.

>"Hope is what destroys us but, it's also what keeps us going." He said looking away from me almost shamefully.
"It's true I guessâ€|" My voice sounded defeated. There was a long silence of just the sound of the ocean.

"What if I don't get my powers back?" I looked up at him, feeling scared and sad. He turned to me and frowned.

>"Wellâ€| does it matter that much? couldn't you justâ€| be human?" He asked. I wrinkled my nose at what he said.
"I don't think soâ€| I think it's one of those 'once you go black you can't go back' scenarios. Being so average and fragile and HUMAN is just soâ€|" I couldn't think of the word.

>"Bland?" He suggested. I nodded. "Ah I seeâ€|" there was another slight silence.<p>

He seemed to be down and lost in thoughts that I could probably never know. I sighed, we can take an afternoon off from searching couldn't we? I mean we have quite a few months before October rolls aroundâ€| I flicked my hand up ever so slightly so that a few water droplets landed on him. He pulled himself up in the air.

"What was THAT for?" He asked a smile playing on his lips.

>"Being sad. It's not aloud anymore." I smiled up at him. He gasped
"Well this is my favourite shirt!" He said with a mockingly shocked expression.

>"Well you clearly didn't get my note about wearing your SECOND favourite shirt while looking for a girls lost necklace." I teased him. He pulled off his now wet t-shirt and tossed it towards the shore, it somehow landed beside mine. I swallowed hard, damn these immortal guys. Damn them to hell with theirâ€| bodiesâ€|
"You WILL have to pay for that Willow." He said, pretending to threaten me. I gasped cupping my hand over my mouth.

"Oh no! What ever will you do Edge? Splash me to death!? Please go easy on me, I am but a simple human!" He kicked water at me with his bare foot and it made me giggle. I splashed him back and he eventually landed in the water beside me. I tried to shield myself the best I could butâ€| I didn't exactly have the immortal speed he did anymore and I ended up falling over into the water. He pulled me back up and I lost balance on the bottom. I just fell right into him, his body was so cold, both of us stopped laughing.

There was this moment, this crazy slight moment that seemed to last forever where we locked eyes and I just imagined what it'd be like to have him pull my chin up so that our lips hovered so close to each other that they just-

>"Mrrrrrrrowwww!" Trouble hit Edge with a bout of bad luck, he stumbled backwards and fell into the water. My mind came back to reality. Wow that, no more of that! I scolded myself and started walking towards shore.<p>

The butterflies in my stomach were gonna lift me up and carry me away they were batting their wings so hard. I got dressed and Edge came to join me on the sand, his wet jeans stuck to his legs, still shirtless and his hair half dry on his head. I probably looked like a beached whale right nowâ€| not the god like spirit he wasâ€| I used to beâ€|

"Hey now, no sadness aloud. Remember?" he punched me in the arm, possibly a little too hard but I chuckled anyways.

>"Right. Right sorry." We sat in the quiet for a long time, Trouble purring beside me as I scratched behind his ear. It was a few minutes later that I realized he had COMPLETELY avoided my question from earlier, so I started the same way.
"So Edge." I turned to him, he sighed and turned his head towards me.

>"Yes?"
"If Pitch is your dadâ€| who's your mom?" he looked out over the ocean, like he was telling it and not me.

>"I'mâ€| not entirely sure." he spoke to the waves. "I know, your next question will be 'if I got the fear thing from my dad, what could I have possibly gotten from my mom?' and well, I do have a theory butâ€| it's kind of far out there."
"We live in a world where Santa Clause is real and the Tooth fairy has mini fairies collecting teeth. I have met the Easter bunny and up until a few days ago could fly and had magic powers bestowed upon me by the moon after I died. It cant be THAT far out there." That got a smirk out of him, he still wouldn't look at me. "Try me." I challenged. He paused for a moment.

"I think MAYBE she was the spirit of Spring." he said.

>"I wasn't aware there was one of thoseâ€| like Jack Frost? Butâ€| with spring time?" I assumed, he smiled and nodded. "What makes you think it's her?" He finally looked at me in the eyes, the gorgeous green that was reflected there was like the ocean. Not spring time flowersâ€|
"Wellâ€| this." He whistled a melody that had me entranced from the first note. Slowly animals came out of the forest, just to sit and listen. The green tentacles were more like vines, they wrapped and twisted through the air as the melody continued, sprouting small flowers and pretty deep green moss across the sand. I watched in wonder, I knew he had good in him. "I created this island." he motioned towards the trees and thick forest/jungle.

"Well, that is definitely a good guess I'd say." I said looking around, kind of dazed that the music was gone.

>"Well thank you." He said curtly. The animals went back into the woods and he laid down on the sand, hands behind his head, looking up at the sky.
"Soâ€| have you ever thought of finding her?" I asked, he nodded.

>"Yes. A few times. I've read a lot about her from my books but I could never even find a place to start looking. It's a big world out thereâ€|" I fell back onto the sand, laying beside him.
"That it isâ€|" I might still be human but I could still feel the tension from him. "Maybe," I said to the sky. "After we find my locket, I can help you look for your mom." His smile was wry and his jaw was tense.

>"That's if my dad doesn't find YOU first." He stated

blankly.<p>

"What's that supposed to mean?" I tried to keep my voice from cracking. It didn't work.

>"He isn't a fan of me. At all. He feeds off of fear and pain." He turned his head towards me in the sand. "Taking the one friend I've ever had would cause A LOT of pain and fear for me." he smiled at me, and I forced myself to smile too. I felt uneasy though, like a dagger had been shoved down into my chest and was left there to rot. These feelings weren't safe, especially if Pitch was involved. Edge probably knew thatâ€¦ probably had better self control. Probably higher standardsâ€¦<p>

I looked away so he couldn't see the hurt in my eyes.

>"Well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it I guess." right now I couldn't really focus on anything else other than my missing locket anyways.
"Sounds like a plan to me."

8. A Little Edgy (Pt 5)

Author's Note:**_ SO here yeah go! ^_^ I hope you like it lots and lots cause I do and FEEELLLLSSSS :D ALSO! I've decided I'm gonna write a story with everyone in it and they are gonna battle some evil guys and etc etc... THAT won't be posted in the one (because this is a bunch of Willows stories) BUT I will continue to write Willow blabber :P cause... she's an interesting mofo heh. Also I drew a picture of Willow and Edge... it's on her tumblr, you should go look at it cause... Edge actually looks damn fine... :P haha willowspirit halloween is her username! Go see! :D oh... after you read this that is.. I'll be quite now._**

A few days passed, with no sign of my locket, no sign at all. Edge, Trouble and I were walking back to the shack, per my request. I couldn't take another bout of super human speed, it just makes me sickâ€¦

>"What if we don't find it?" I said sounding absolutely hopeless.
"We willâ€¦" Edge replied curtly, he has began to become more and more frustrated. We continued to walk in silence, me tripping over loose rocks and stubbing my toes on roots. My feet throbbed so intensely it brought tears to my eyes. I didn't complain though because I didn't want to upset Edge further.

"We could contact the Guardians?" I said trying my very hardest to sound happy.

>"YOU can contact the Guardians. They like me about as much as they like my dad." Edge frowned. I sighed
"BECAUSE of your dad?" I asked, he looked away from me and kept walking. I took that as a yes. "Then shouldn't they give you a chance because of your mom?" I stopped walking and it took a few steps before he stopped too.

"Willow I don't-"

>"Don't what? Know if that's who she is? Look around you Edge! Even if she wasn't the spirit of Spring then she had to of been some kind of good spirit." I cut him off. He shook his head
"I don't want to get my hopes up." he stated. I walked up to him

>"Hope is what destroys us, it's also what keeps us going." I mimicked him from days earlier and walked by him. The rest of the walk was in silence.<p>

Once we got back to the shack I ate and he read. Usually something in a different language so I was somewhat scared to ask. The silence was killing me tonight though, and my ears begged to hear his voice.

>"Watcha readin?" I bit into a banana.
"Some Spanish myths." He answered without looking up.

>"You speak Spanish?" I asked, he just nodded. "Say something." He finally raised his head.
"What?" he looked confused.

>"Say something in Spanish." I smiled at him.
"What, you cant just take my word for it?" The mood lightened.

>"Nope. I don't believe you." I put down the banana peel and placed my hands in my lap intently as I sat on the floor cross legged.
"Si tu la locura menor, Que alguna vez amor te hizo le ejecucion, Tu no has amando." His voice drifted around like velvet through the air. The accent well practiced and natural, I was gonna droolâ€| excuse me while I go weepâ€|

"What does that mean?" I asked him.

>"If thou remember not the slightest folly, That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not loved." he quoted, I smiled happily.
"Shakespeare." I noted, he smiled back and nodded.

>"You a fan?"
"Mhm!" I replied, eyes still twinkling. He stood up and walked across the room to a pile of books and gave me a few.

>"Feel free to read these if you get bored." He said, I smirked.
"I have a lot of them memorized already though." I said proudly.

>"In Spanish?" He countered. I shook my head. "Greek then?" I shook my head once more. "Well then obviously you have to know them in French!" he teased.
"I don't speak any language other than English." I said bashfully.

Surprisingly he seemed to accept this and continue reading without much more teasing. I flipped through A Midsummers Night Dream which was the only English copy of Shakespeare he handed me, I was thoroughly entertained for a total of about five minutes.

>"I'm not tired." I said, his eyes stayed glued to his book as he answered.
"Well you should at least TRY and sleep anyways." He flipped the page. I looked down at my sad blanket laying on the hard wooden floorâ€| it didn't seem inviting in the slightestâ€|

"You can sleep in the chair if you want." He said probably noticing the look I was giving the floor.

>"Then where will you sit?" I asked feeling guilty about stealing his spot. He shrugged. "Well I don't want to kick you out of your chair. Men have a special possessiveness about their chairsâ€|" I stood up wrapping the blanket around my shoulders. After a moment of what seemed like thought, he closed the book and opened his arms.
"You don't HAVE to kick me out..." The slight blush in his cheeks caught me off guard. I gulped and went as red as a tomatoâ€|

I walked over to him and quickly curled up in his lap, my head resting perfectly on his shoulder. I could feel the cool of his skin through the thin t-shirt and the blanket. It was really nice to feel after sweating in the humidity and heat all day and night.

>"Better than the floor?" He asked folding his arms around my thin frame and opening the book again.
"Much." and soon I fell into the deepest sleep I'd had since I'd become mortal again.

-
>I was running from something, in the jungle. It was dark and black and sticky and my heart sped too fast, unable to catch my breath. Screaming was impossible and my legs felt like they had cement in them, the harder I tried to run the slower I went. Panic filled my chest and I stood frozen as the blackness wrapped all around me pulling me apart limb from limb. I gritted my teeth as pain was replaced by a numb feeling around my joints as they were pulled from my body.<p>

"Willowâ€œ!" A mans voice whispered in my ear, I felt a tongue lick up my neck, it was cold a moist. It made me nauseous. The darkness was eating me, the dark sticky tendrils licking inside of my missing limbs. Slowly a dark lanky figure appeared from them, the intimidating yellow eyes piercing into my soul. Burning me from the inside out, I couldn't breathe, or move, or scream. I was in hell.

I knew who the man was, it was the Boogeyman. Pitch Black. Edges dadâ€œ he dug his claws into my chest and pulled out my heart before my eyes, he squished it between his elongated fingers, turning it to mush. Blood dripped down his arm as he smiled at me, he bent in closer, millimetres from my face, he laughed. The voice scratched at my ears and gave me a headache like the sound was gnawing at my brain.

"WILLOW!" I was jolted awake, a slight yelp escaping my lips as my eyes adjusted to the sun streaming through the window. My breathing was shallow and my heart still raced. I frantically looked around, I was in the shack, still wrapped in Edge's arms. I was okay. It was a nightmareâ€œ "Willow are you okay?" Edges eyes were wide, his cool hand holding my cheek. I looked up at him and the yellow seemed to glow and burst from his pupil in a way that scared the shit out of me but I nodded.

>"I'm okay. It was just a dream." I said trying to take deep breaths.
"A nightmare." he corrected me. I gulped and leaned my head on his shoulder again, closing my eyes and starting to calm down.

"Yeah. A nightmare." I said.

>"I'm sorry." He stated painfully after a moment. I looked up at him.
"For what?" My heart jumped. HE did that to me?
>"I should have woken you earlier. I felt it but I didn'tâ€œ Iâ€œ felt soâ€œ" He trailed off, eyes looking tortured. "It was about my dadâ€œ" He said sadly.
"Lot's of people have bad dreams about the Boogeyman." I said trying to sound comforting and reassuring. "It's not like he did it himself."

>"No, if he was here I'd know." He replied, he sounded offâ€œ eventually he sighed and looked at me. A very small smirk on his face. "Um.. Willow?"
"Yes?" I replied. He motioned to where my nails dug into his sides. "Oh!" I let go flexing my stiff fingers.
"Sorry." I blushed.

>"It's all good." He smiled down at me. "You're really cute when you blush." He stated, which made me blush harder.<p>

"No!" I buried my face in the nape of his neck and listened to his deep chuckle.

>"We should probably get going. You slept in." he stated, truthfully I didn't want to moveâ€œ I raised my face and looked out the window, it looked like it was late in the afternoon alreadyâ€œ sighing I got

up off his lap and stretched. He stood up cracking his own back "I have a good feeling about today." He said optimistically. I was just glad he was in a better mood.<p>

When we got to the beach it was, yet again, another beautiful blistering hot day. Trouble's fur was puffed out from the humidity and my hair probably looked no better. The three of us went our separate ways to search and I was left alone to walk along the shore. I had started to get a sunburn and the tops of my cheeks and shoulders were burned fairly badly, my sore feet being scorched by the hot sand. I decided I should go for a swim to cool off.

Stripping off my dress once again I tiptoed into the water, it felt like ice cubes compared to the direct sunlight. I walked around for quite awhile, neck deep so that my shoulders could be cooled. When the sky started to turn orange, and the sun started to lower itself into the horizon my heart sunk a little like it did everyday. We didn't find itâ€|

A small shape appeared in the distance, I recognized it quickly as Trouble, galloping along the air. Black sparkles flickering around his paws, yellow green eyes glowing with mischief. He landed on the sand beside my clothes and instantly started cleaning himself. What a pretty boy. It was rather unusual that Trouble returned before Edge did thoughâ€| they came back together almost every dayâ€|

I waited another hour before I decided I should worry. It was dark and the stars started to sparkle. I could see Trouble's crescent moon glowing off his chest from where I was off shore. I bit my lip, hoping nothing had happened to Edge. It would be my fault if it hadâ€| what if he got stuck under the waves like I had and drowned? My heart fluttered around in panic as my brain sped through possibilities.

A cool breeze blew passed me which made me shiver, the temperature usually dropped but not this muchâ€| I walked back to shore and flopped my wet self down beside Trouble.

>"No luck today buddy?" I said nervously stroking his fur hoping to calm myself down. He began to purr which did help a little bit, soon though, I was gnawing on my lip again worriedly looking at the sand.<p>

Another hour or so passed and the temperature continued to drop unusually low. I dried off and got dressed hoping it would distract me but it only did for a minute or two.

>"Where could he be?" I whispered under my breath to no one in particular. The wind blew around me again and I was wishing for my thigh high socks for the first time since I'd gotten here, sadly they were in the shack. It wasn't like I was about to head back without Edge, so I settled for tucking my knees up to my chest and wrapping my arms around them.<p>

"Maybe he's not coming back." I mused after another few long minutes, something deep in my gut felt unsettled by the thoughtâ€| hell who was I kidding I would be absolutely incredibly upset. Not only would I be stranded on an island, but I would be HUMAN and stranded on an island. Were I still immortal I would just fly off this damned place and never turn backâ€| again, who was I kidding. The place was beautiful and if Edge asked I'd stay here foreverâ€| with himâ€|

I rested my head on top of my folded arms.

>"Really Willow? REALLY?" I asked myself. "Of course you have to fall for the guy who happens to be part evil." My head raised and I looked at the moon again. It was glowing white and silver, lighting up the night sky. It was beautiful and looked a lot like it was smiling.

"He's not evilâ€|" I sighed and looked out over the ocean, wishing I could see his shadowy figure appear there. Per usual, I had no such luck.
"Maybe I should stop hanging around you stupido." I told Trouble while reaching down and scratching his favourite spot behind his ear. "I have always had bad enough luck as it is. You certainly can't help."

"Oh now, don't go blaming all your problems on the poor cat." My heart skipped the second I heard his voice. I looked up and he was walking towards me, biggest smile I've ever seen on his face. I smiled back at him.

>"You're a little late aren't you?" I teased, legitimately wondering where he has been. He owed me that much for making me worry like thatâ€|
"Yeah, guess I am. Sorry bout that but uh," He stopped a few feet away from me and shrugged, hands behind his back. "Some girl had me out trying to find this." He pulled his hand out from behind his back and there, dangling from a familiar golden chain, was my locket. I gasped

>"You found it!" I got up and ran towards him, jumping into him with a big hug. He chuckled and wrapped his arms around me for a moment, then I let go and he handed the necklace to me.<p>

"There yeah go, debt repaid." He said proudly.

>"Ugh!" I said putting the chain around my neck and feeling whole for the first time in days. "I'm so happy I could kiss you!" The moment the words slipped out I blushed. I looked up at him, our bodies already so close. "I meanâ€| I.. umm-
"No ones stopping you." He smirked down at me, my stomach was doing cartwheels. He cupped my face in one hand and put the other on my waist, pulling me closer.

>"I guess notâ€|" I whispered as I stood on my tiptoes so we were eye level. I closed my eyes and finally, I felt his lips on mine.<p>

Something happened when the kiss got deeper, and no, not the way one would assumeâ€| there was a flash of purple light and suddenly it was like life itself was being breathed into me. We pulled away from each other slightly and purple sparkles snowed around us. Edge wrapped an orange strand of hair around his index finger smiling.

>"I suppose that means you're free to go." he said amused. I was immortal again, I assumed I had all of my powers back considering I could feel it. The second we kissed I had made a decision though, the becoming immortal may or may not have had something to do with it I'm not sureâ€|<p>

"It means you're free to come with me." I laid my feet back flat on the sand and looked up into his green and yellow eyes. He smiled down at me, still holding me close and said,

>"I will definitely have to take you up on that offer."<p>

**So der yeah go! :D stay tuned in to my profile for the new story cause it'll have like Rise of the Guardians, How to Train Your Dragon and OC's in it :) (That includes Willow, Edge, and Trouble.)**

9. So Good To Be Bad

_**Author's Note: **__** So just so every one is clear this is BEFORE every other story in the collection. A few months after she actually turns into the Spirit Of Halloween and she just looses her shit... anyone would go a little nuts after awhile living like that... right?
**_-

_**WARNING! There is some raunchy stuff, slight gore, badassery, swearing, and drunkard thoughts, as well as attempted suicide so in no way is this a very light hearted chapter... just incase anyone cared. Thought you should know... Also take note of the awesome foreshadowing and just how cool some of Willow's powers are.
Enjoy!**_

"WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK IS THIS!?" I said enraged, looking at my reflection in a small pond a mile or two from my home. My eyes glowed and unholy orange and reflected animal like in the ripples of water. I through my head back and screamed, digging my claw like nails into the ground.

>"You think this is funny don't you!? HA HA!" I yelled at the moon, looking back at my reflection I couldn't take it. I was so angry that everything looked blurry, I slashed the water with my hand and stood up at an inhuman speed.<p>

"I have had ENOUGH of this!" A warm summers breeze blew around me, tossing my hair around my shoulders. I growled, I was stuck like this forever wasn't I? "YOU did this to me!" I pointed a finger at the moon. No one could hear me screaming, I could be right in front of them and they wouldn't see me. Ever since the moon turned me into thisâ€| MONSTER.

Dark purple seeped from my pours, the wind flung my hair around my face again and I could feel the wings on my back spread. I smiled, licking my elongated canine teeth.

>"Fine," an evil chuckle escaped my lips. "You turned me into a monster, I'll act like a monster." with that, I beat my wings against the summer night air. I flew until I found a town, then walked until I found a bar, saloon, whatever.<p>

I slipped inside and there were various guys and bar maids flirting, drunk. I smiled, eyes glowing, the trouble in the room spread over my body and I couldn't help but lick my lips. I walked up to the nearest man and slid my hand down his shoulder, breathing down his neck. Chaos surrounded this man and he wreaked of whiskey. He shivered and looked around, of course I'd be invisible to him, he wouldn't even know I was there until it was too late.

I licked up the side of his neck and whispered
>"You lookin' for trouble?" seductively in his ear. He was quite good looking, his tosseled brown hair and strong musk might have had me reeling if I were still a simple human. But I wasn't, I was a monster. I swung my leg around him, straddling him on the barstool. I smiled into his hazel eyes that were seemingly off in the distance, too drunk to be aware of the danger that was literally sitting right in his lap.<p>

"Oh now, don't get too excited." I said as I grinded my hips into his, I needed him excited, I needed to feel the tension and confusion

surround him. I licked my Canines that just begged to feel the mans skin under themâ€¢|

His lips parted slightly as he became more flustered, yet happy. I smiled seductively

>"That's it, now just hold still." I closed my eyes and locked my lips with his, his didn't move of course, but as I dug my teeth into his bottom lip a slight moan escaped his lips. The salty sweet blood filled my mouth, the chaos that flowing blood brought was always so satisfyingâ€¢|<p>

I parted my lips from his a few millimetres and felt the energy start flowing into my body. Purple smoke flowing from his mouth to mine, and I drank it in. after a moment I felt his body start to go limp so I let him go. I lifted myself off of him and he fell to the ground, lip bloody and completely drained of fear, energy, I wasn't sure what. All I know is that it damn near killed him.

I smiled wiping the back of my hand across my mouth, cleaning off the blood dripping there. I smiled at the rest of the bar that had started to notice the man on the floor.

>"Who did that!?" Said the man behind the bar.
"Oh perfect." I said as my lips curled into a sneer. I looked to the stool next to the man's that was lying on the ground. The guy next to him was completely saturated in alcohol.

My hand seeped with menacing purple smoke, like a lasso I wrapped it around his burly figure, he wouldn't even notice I was controlling him. I moved my hand and he obeyed, getting up from his stool. I chuckled.

>"Stupid drunkards. Stupid stupid drunkards." I flicked my fingers and he picked up a chair, smashing it over the back of the man who was passed out on the ground. The bar went wild, and so did my powers.<p>

A huge fight broke out and I contently watched, absorbing everyone's energy from my perch atop the bar. Sipping fine rum and enjoying the show that fed me to the point of bursting. I wrapped my smoke around one of the bar maids and made her slap another, nothing like a good girl fright to get the men who weren't participating excited. The two girls pulled at each others hair, shouting profanities as the men who were staying out of the fight cheered them on.

The burn in my chest made me smile almost as much as the chaos did, I was having an absolutely wonderful night! I hiccupped and laughed at the sight of the bar tender trying to separate his wenches. It was quite the sight to see, but it did bore me once everything quieted down. I flapped my wings and stood up on the bar top uneasily. The room spinning around me, blood seeping from the faces of guys who were punching.

"Pardon me ladies gentlemen." My words slurred, I cleared my throat. "I hope younjoyed yer showw tnight!" I bowed, then curtsied almost falling over. "But I reallymst be leavin!" With another hiccup I beat my wings, flying through the roof and into the night sky. Oh it felt good to be free, and fly, and the evilnessss was goooooddd.

I landed on top of the highest tree I could find, looking down to the ground spinning beneath me. My feet dangling loosely over a branch, I chuckled and watched the full moon smile at me. Always smiling he

wasâ€| I looked back to the ground far below me. I can fall again, I thought, and this would be all over. I'll be dead like I'm supposed to be! I looked back at the moon, there was nothing. Nothing at all that would stop me, not even some stupid fucking man in the moon!

Without another thought I jumped from the tree, I watched the branches pass by me in the quickest flash and then I felt my back make contact with the ground. I couldn't breathe and I felt overly nauseous but I was alive. Hell I could even wiggle my toes.

>"I jus fellâ€| from n inhuman height and immmlive?" I blinked a few times catching the breath that was knocked out of me. I got up on my knees and I was hardly injured at all. A few scratches here and there but they didn't even bleed all that much.<p>

I hunched over and threw up, the heat burning my throat. I felt lighter after my stomach was emptied. I rolled over, wings back to normal size, teeth in their regular form again. The forest continued to spin around me but I closed my eyes, I couldn't sleep of course, I didn't do that anymore. BUT I laid there till the sun rose, it stung my eyes as I opened them.

"Bloody hellâ€|" I breathed through my pounding headache. I managed to stumble back to the pond and splashed myself with the cool water. I looked at myself again, my eyes weren't glowing with anger and you could hardly see my wings. I managed to find the old broom I had hidden in some bushes not too far away.

I flew over the ocean, it always calmed me for some reason. I floated around the sea until nightfall again, the waves splashed at my feet that dangled just above the water. I looked down at my hands and sighed.

>"I don't want to be a monsterâ€|" I said honestly. My outburst wasn't needed yesterday.
"You are not my child." A strong male voice echoed threw my head. I gasped and looked up at the moon.

>"Then why give me such horrible powers?" I asked desperately wanting to know what was wrong with me.
"Tis' not the powers given, but the way they are used." He replied melodically. I frowned in shame.

>"I'm sorryâ€|" I whispered quietly.<p>

Sure the evil felt good while it was happening, sure the power felt like I was invincible butâ€| being good would be better for me in the long runâ€| I wasn't supposed to cause chaos just to be powerful. Noâ€|

>"Then I'm no better thanâ€| the devil." That may have been an exaggeration but-
"No better than me!" I spun on my broom hearing the frightening voice. I hadn't noticed I had floated over landâ€| I was now in the middle of some forest, a hole with a broken bed over top sat in the middle of a kind of, clearing. A black figure stood by it, terrible yellow glowing eyes penetrated the darkness. I hopped off my broom. Entranced.

"Who are you?" The power I felt, threatening to change me was horrifying. The chaos and pain that emanated from this man was absolutely horrible.

>"Oh dear childâ€|" The man was suddenly behind me. "Have you never heard of the Boogey man?"
I spun but he was gone, a cackling laughter echoing through the trees. My heart sped in my chest, I

needed to leave here. Now.

I got back on my broom and started to fly away, far far away into the night sky. I swore to myself I would never return to this spot of the world. Ever. But the laughter followed me, it rang in my ears. Every time I closed my eyes the black tentacles appeared there. It was something that would haunt me for decades to come.

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End
file.